A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, March 15. 1712.

IN a Nation and City so well govern'd as this, I cannot but wonder to see such a Consternation among the People, about a new Gang of Rakes and Scowerers, who have lately *taken the Field*, as we may call it, against Mankind, and who are, very deservedly, *whoever gave them that Name*, call'd *Mohocks*.

With Submission to the Ingenious *Spectator*, I must dissent from his Opinion, That the *Mohocks*, from whence these People are Sir-nam'd, are a People of *India*, tho' the End of the Argument is the same; the *Mohock*, or *Mowhawks*, are, or rather were, *for they are Extinct now, or very near it*, a small Nation of *Savages* in the Woods, on the back of our two Colonies of *New-England* and *New York*, the same from whence our four pretended *Indian* Kings came lately of their own Fools Errand; they were always esteem'd as the most Desperate, and most Cruel of the Natives of *North-America*; and it was a particular Barbarity singular to them, that when they took any Prisoners, either of the *English* or other Natives, they always *Scalp'd them*, as they call'd it, *viz.* pared the Skin and Hair off from the Crown of their Heads, and so left the Body to lie and Languish without any pity, till it died—— With several other

ther Barbarities peculiar to themſelves, which many of our poor *Engliſh* People have felt, when they had the Misfortune to fall into their Hands.

As to the Affinity in Practice, between theſe and this Modern Society of Rakes, which now infeſt the Streets, I ſhall not ſay the *Spectator* has, with his uſual dexterity, Remark'd upon them; only one Thing I cannot but obſerve as ſomething aſtoniſhing, *viz.* Where the Pleaſure or Satisfaction can lie? What kind of Paſſion, or what Humour it gratifies, to Murther or Wound an unconcern'd Stranger, who has not given the leaſt Provocation or Occaſion to the Party; and who, they not only never ſaw before, but may never hear of again? This is ſuch a committing a Crime for the ſake of a Crime, ſuch a degree above the Devil, that the like of it has not been heard of, for ſome Ages in the World; what ſecret Pleaſure theſe People find in it, I confeſs I am at a loſs to find out, and cannot imagin what infernal Rage it can be ſaid to gratifie.

But neither is my Buſineſs here; but my Concern is, to ſee People in ſuch a fright about them, as if the Gallows, the Army, or the Navy, would not ſoon rid us of ſuch a Sett of Blood-Hounds as theſe, for they are no better —— And in the mean Time, till theſe Places of Juſtice become the Lot of the People we ſpeak of, methinks our People ſhould not be at a Loſs, what Courſe to take with them.

I remember, in the Time of the *Popiſh Plot*, when Murthering Men in the Dark was pretty much in faſhion, and every honeſt Man walk'd the Streets in danger of his Life, a very pretty Invention was found out, which ſoon put an end to the *Doctrine of Aſſaſſination*, and the Practice too, and clear'd our Streets of the Murthering Villains of that Day, and this was a *Proteſtant Flail*.

Now this *Proteſtant Flail* is an Excellent Weapon, a Piſtol is a Fool to it, it laughs at the Sword, or the Cane, for you know, *there's no Fence againſt a Flail*; for my part, I have frequently walk'd with one about me, in the Old *Popiſh* Days, and tho' I never ſet up for a Hero, yet when Arm'd with this *Scourge for a Papiſt*, I remember I fear'd nothing: *So excellent a Weapon it is*, that really the very Apprehenſion of it ſoon put an end to the Murthers and Aſſaſſinations, that then began to be practiſed in the Streets, and otherwiſe, as upon *Godfrey*, *Arnold*, *Julian Johnſton*, and others.

I remember I ſaw an honeſt ſtout Fellow, who is yet alive, with one of theſe *Proteſtant Inſtruments*, exerciſe ſeven or eight Ruffains in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and drive them all before him, quite from *Fleet-Bridge* into *White-Fryers*, which was their Receptacle, and handled it ſo decently, that you would wonder, when now and then one or two of them came within his reach, and got a knock, to ſee how they would Dance, nay, ſo humble and Complaiſant were they, that every now and then they would kiſs the very Ground at his Feet, nor would they Scruple defounding, even to the Kennel itſelf, if they receiv'd but the Word of Command from this moſt *Proteſtant* Utenſil.

Now, really, *Gentlemen*, after all that can be ſaid; the *Spectator*, were he to ſpeak like an Angel, was he to Argue with them to the End of his Volume, and talk till the *Seven Stars* come to be *Fourteen*; ſhould he enlarge upon the Ungentleman, the Unchriſtian, the Brutiſh, and the Senſeleſs Diverſion of committing Inhumanities and Murthers in the dark, upon People they have no particular Quarrel at, it would all ſignifie nothing to a *Proteſtant Flail*; He may tell them of the ſhameleſs and unſufferable Inſolence of this, in the Face of a *Proteſtant Government*, of the Unfaſhionable Folly of it, and the like, *all he ſays is very true*, but when he has ſaid all he can, one *Proteſtant Flail* againſt a Hundred of the beſt *Spectators* he wears, *for any Wager of my Money*, I am perſuaded it ſhall ſooner work a Cure; and if but half a dozen honeſt, ſtout Fellows will provide themſelves with this happy Inſtrument of Reformation, as they promiſe me they will, and take a Turn

a Turn through the Streets now and then in an Evening, *I would be a Volunteer under their Command as any Time*, I dare say they would deliver up to Justice every one of these *Mobock-Monsters* that dar'd show their Faces, and never make any Tumult, shed any Blood, or break the Peace for the Matter; a little *Protestant Threshing* would beat the Chaff about presently, and you should soon make it as safe walking the Streets of *London* at Midnight, as it is at Mid-day: It is a strange Thing to me, how tame this Age is grown, to what the last was; Bullies range our Streets in Arms by Night, and in Print by Day; was ever such a Passive Generation as this! they bear every Thing, and now they are to be Mangled and macerated by a Parcel of Savages; really, Gentlemen, if you will bear this, you will bear the Bow-string of *Turkey*, the Smoaking of *Muscovy*, the Bastinado of *Italy*, the Gallies of *France*, and at last, the Inquisition of *Spain*.

Let the Courage you shall assume in Defence of your Lives against Street-Bullies, be a Token to the World, that you will not bear Bullying of any kind, neither *French* or *Popish*, neither Party-Bullies at Home, or *Spanish-Bullying* Abroad; neither Church-Bullies, Faction-Bullies, *October*-Bullies, *Jacobite*-Bullies, or, *in short*, any Bullies at all.

But of these hereafter; in the mean Time, pray, Gentlemen, begin with these *Mobock-Bullies*; I have propos'd you an Excellent Medicine for them, *probatum est*, Experience has testify'd it to be good above 30 Year ago; I can assure you, some honest Sufferers are furnishing themselves with these *Protestant Flails* for the purpose, and I doubt not, the first *Mobock* that tasts of this Physick, is instantly cur'd; all his Barbarity and Inhumanity, all his Cowardly Butcher's Nature goes off at once, and tho' he were my Lord ——'s *Eldest Son*, or Sir *Tho.*——'s *Younger Brother*, or *F*——*ge* ——'s *Nephew*, he shall confess the Distemper, however violent, has left him, and be the gentlest Civiliz'd quiet Gentleman in the Place, for ever after.

The wonderful Vertue of a Protestant Flail is not easie to be accounted for; the great Regulations it has made in the Town, and in publick Affairs, would fill a large History; some few that have been exercised with it, have been the better for it all their Lives after; indeed the Discipline of it has been though: severe, but can any Thing be too severe for a Race of Men gone Mad into such Disorders, that no *Mahometan* Nation, no *Pagan*, *Chinese*, indeed not the Native *Mohawks* of *America* can be charged with?

Drunkards will Quarrel with any Man they meet; Envy Murthers in the Dark; Revenge will stab at the Corner of an Alley; Lust will provoke to Insult *one Sex*, and a Bullying Temper *the other*; but nothing but a Mad-Dog bites every body he meets; and since these *Mad-Dogs* give themselves such a loose; since Blood, Murther, Stabbing, Cutting, Mangling, and all sorts of Injury is their Practise, and this against meer Mankind, without Enquiring who they are, or what? Without Provocation, without previous Quarrel, without regard to Persons, Sexes, or Circumstance: No Measure can be severe to such, nor any Remedy that I can think of, is like this *Protestant Flail*: And let the *Mobocks* consider of it, for I can assure them, if the few Gentlemen, who, *as I said above*, are providing themselves with these Instruments, in order to their Correction, meet with them in their Walks, no Dogs were ever better drest'd than they will be.

Exit Mobock.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE History of the UNION *in Folio Dedicated to Her Majesty, Printed in Edinburgh, and never yet Publish'd in London; written by the Author of the Review, and sold only by John Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row, and by J. Matthews, Printer in Little-Britain, and at no other Place.*

Lately Publish'd,

AN Essay on the History of Parties and Persecution in Britain; beginning with a brief Account of the Test-Act, and an Historical Enquiry into the Reasons, the Original, and the Consequences of the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters. With some Remarks on the several Attempts already made, and now making, for an Occasional Bill. Enquiring how far the same may be esteem'd a Preservation to the Church, or an Injury to the Dissenters. Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. Price 6 d.

Just Publish'd,

THE Scots Representation to Her Majesty against Setting up the Common-Prayer-Book in Scotland. Sold by J. Baker at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. Price 2 d.

QUACKERY Unmask'd; in 3 Parts, containing, 1. Reflections on the 7th Edition of Mr. *Martin's* Treatise of the *Venereal Disease*. 2. An Examination of the *Charitable Surgeon*, The *Generous Surgeon*, The *Tomb* of *Venus*, and a pretended new Method of curing this Disease. 3. A brief Enquiry into the Ancient and present State of the Practices of Physick and Surgery; a full Account of *Quacks*; then (in a concise Method) is shewn the *Cause*, *Nature*, *Signs*, and Dangerous *Effects* of this *Disease*, various ways of *Receiving*, Symptomes first *Discovering*, and only Method of preventing its Infection; together with the best, most cheap, safe, speedy, easie and private *Methods* of *Cure*. As also the *Cause and Cure of Old Gl..ts* in Men, and *Weaknesses* in Women. The Second Edition Enlarg'd. Sold by *D. Brown* without *Temple-Bar*, *G. Strahan*, at the *Golden-Ball* in *Cornhill*, and *B. Barker*, in *Westminster-Hall* and by the Author, Dr. *Spinke*, at his House at the *Golden-Ball*, 3 Doors directly past the *Sun-Tavern*, in *Milk-street Market*, *Cheapside*. Price 2 s.

Printed for, and sold by *John Baker* at the *Black-Boy* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1712.